

Philander Chase Knox.

By RUSSELL WOODARD.

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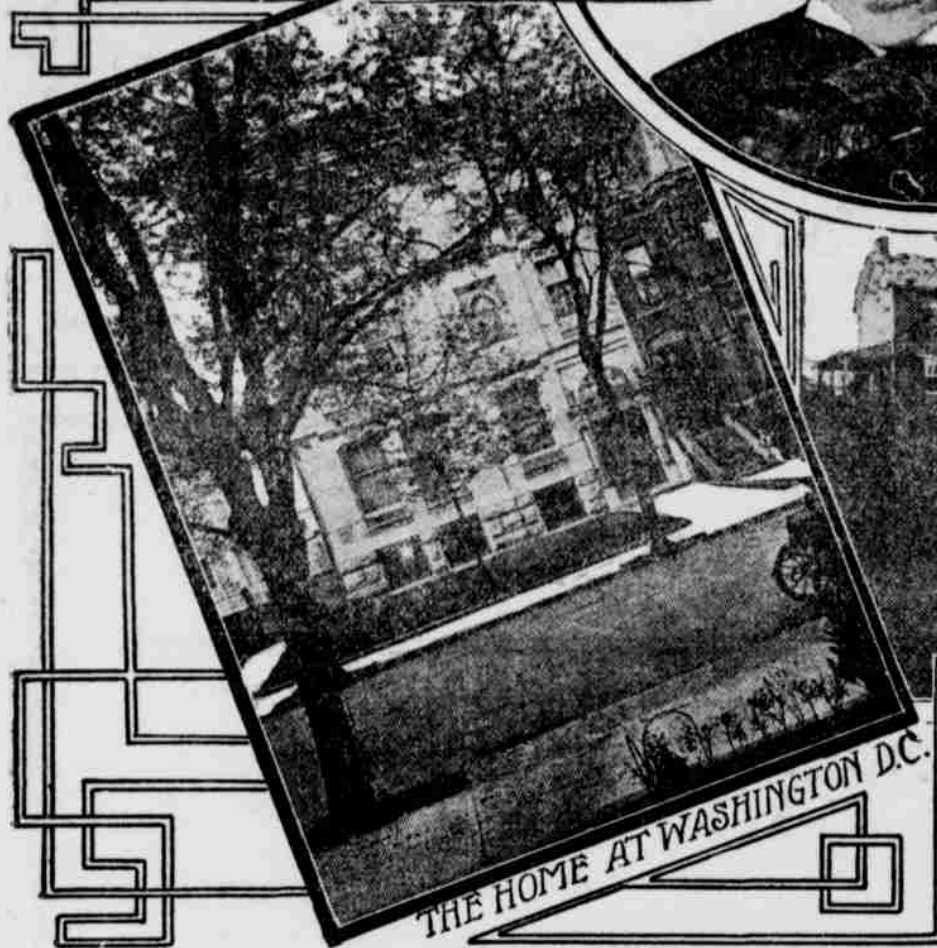
THUS early in the administration of President Taft, evidence is accumulating that his first cabinet choice and the man who has been his closest official adviser ever since his election, is to prove an able secretary of state. Philander C. Knox has taken up the duties of the most important post in the cabinet fortified by much that same breadth of experience which is believed to have especially qualified William H. Taft for the presidency. It must be remembered, too, that Knox was perhaps the foremost ri-



PHILANDER C. KNOX, SECRETARY OF STATE.



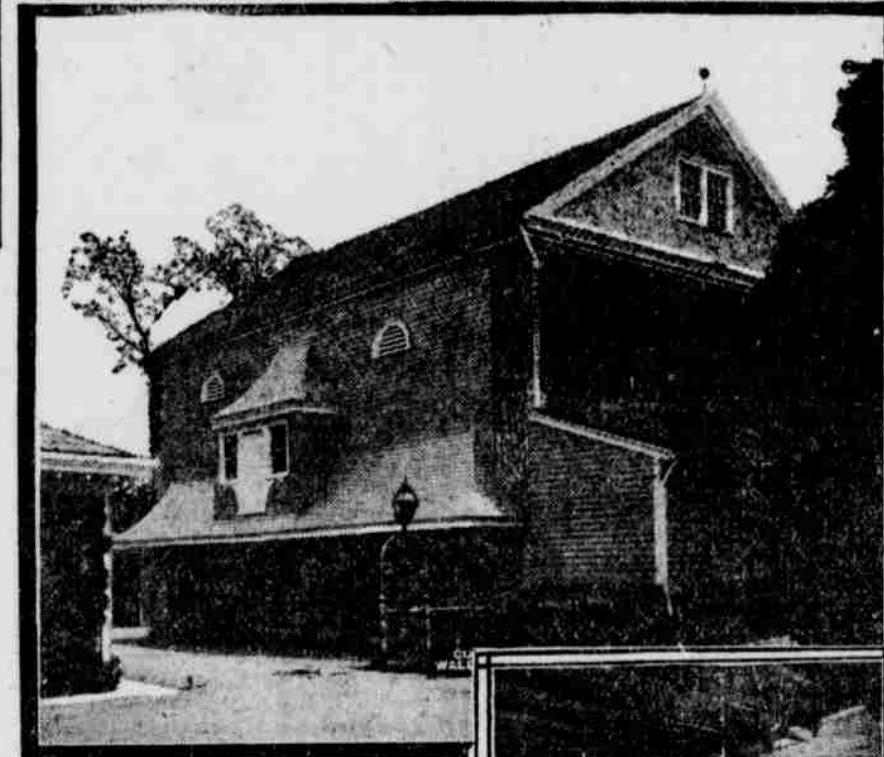
COUNTRY SEAT AT VALLEY FORGE, PA.



THE HOME AT WASHINGTON D.C.



STOCK BARN AT VALLEY FORGE FARM.



PRIVATE STABLES



A FAVORITE RETREAT

val of Taft for the presidential nomination. The new secretary of state, like his chief in the White House, is a lawyer. His selection, although made at the very outset of Taft's deliberations as to the personnel of his cabinet, fitted in with the policy later adopted by the new president to include in his official family as many lawyers as possible. With the best of legal training as a foundation stone, Knox served his apprenticeship in the cabinet as attorney general under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt and then his grasp of all phases of American life was strengthened during years of service as a member of the "brain trust" of the United States senate.

Philander Chase Knox, who this month celebrates his fifty-sixth birthday anniversary, is a small man physically and in personal appearance comes pretty close to filling the ideal of the shrewd, observant lawyer. David S. Knox, father of Philander, was a banker in the town of Brownsville, Pa., where the present secretary of state was born, and was enabled to give his son educational and other advantages such as the elder Taft was enabled to give the president a fair start in life.

The young man attended Mount Union college, located at Alliance, O., not a great many miles over the boundary line from Pennsylvania, and from this institution he graduated with a creditable record in 1872, when he was 19 years of age. Then he entered the law office of H. B. Swope at Pittsburgh, preferring the good old-fashioned plan of familiarizing himself with the law by practical work as a subordinate to a successful attorney. Almost from the outset he seems to have had leanings toward a political career or rather to public life, and in 1876, just one year after he was admitted to the bar, Knox was occupying the position of assistant United States district attorney for the western district of Pennsylvania.

The atmosphere of Pittsburgh—the world's workshop—evidently had its influence, however, in drawing Knox away from the uncertainties of politics and toward the more tangible rewards of a lucrative private practice. In 1877 he resigned as assistant district attorney in order to engage in practice with James H. Reed, and thereafter his progress was rapid in that most alluring branch of the profession—corporation practice. He became the trusted legal adviser of the Carnegie Steel Company and other great concerns and incidentally found an opportunity to lay by the tidy fortune that has in later years enabled him to accept places of public trust without any worry over the comparatively insignificant salaries attached.

that his present position will ultimately prove a stepping stone to the presidency. Perhaps Secretary Knox himself may be alive to such possibilities, else why should he have relinquished what is generally accounted a life position in the senate?

P. C. Knox was married, when he was 27 years of age, to Lillie, daughter of Andrew D. Smith of Pittsburgh and of this union there are four children. Mrs. J. R. Tindle, who was Miss Rebecca Knox, is the eldest and the only daughter. Her wedding was a society event a few years ago. She and her husband are both passionately fond of travel and spend most of their time in globe-trotting. Mr. Reed Knox, who was recently appointed his father's confidential clerk at the department of state, was married a few years ago and is the father of that famous grandson who is the especial hobby of the secretary of state. Hugh Smith Knox, the second son, graduated from college only a year or two ago, and the youngest member of the family, Philander Chase Knox, Jr., age 18, has not yet completed his education.

Secretary Knox has three homes. For the most part, nowadays, he divides his time between Washington, D. C., and his famous country seat at Valley Forge, Pa.—not far from Philadelphia, and in the locality where the Continental army spent the most memorable winter of the revolution—but he is likewise loyal to Pittsburgh, where he maintains an apartment together with membership in Pittsburgh's leading clubs, such as the American and Duquesne; and retains membership in the Church of the Ascension—a congregation of the Episcopal denomination.

Secretary Knox's residence in Washington is, architecturally, one of the most artistic city houses in this country. It was formerly the home of Mrs. George W. Childs, widow of the philanthropist, and is understood to have cost Secretary Knox \$120,000. The Knox home is located next door to that of Senator Hale of Maine and within a stone's throw of the residence of Admiral Dewey and the house that was occupied by William H. Taft during his years of service as secretary of war. In the rear of the Knox residence is the secretary's stable and garage—a model establishment of the kind, that shelters several motor cars and some of the horses of which the secretary is so fond.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that one of Secretary Knox's hobbies is horsemanship. He both rides and drives, and owns some of the finest blooded horses in America. Most of these animals are kept at the secretary's country seat at Valley Forge, Pa. Whether in Washington or "on the farm," it is Secretary Knox's habit to take a two-hour drive before breakfast. He is usually up at six o'clock or earlier and is thus enabled to return from his drive in time for the morning meal at eight o'clock.

The Knox farm at Valley Forge comprises about 300 acres and adjoins the estate of the late Alexander J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania railroad. It is in very truth an ideal country playground with facilities provided for every imaginable diversion. First of all there is a golf course, for, be it known, the secretary of state is almost as enthusiastic as the new president regarding the Scotch game. Tennis courts and polo grounds are

designed primarily for the benefit of visitors and the younger members of the household, but the secretary's own preferences were consulted in the provision of a pool and billiard room, a fishing preserve and a mile track on which latter, by the way, Secretary Knox established a new world's record for a team driven to double harness. Secretary Knox has numerous characteristics that emphasize his individuality. One, often remarked, is his aversion to the telephone. He will not have one of these instruments anywhere near him if he can help it. Another is his rare judgment in the matter of tobacco. He is not exceptional in his consumption of the weed, but no man in the world can more accurately gauge the quality of a cigar. Secretary Knox is an excellent story teller, a careful dresser, and withal one of the best groomed men in public life. He gave up an income of \$250,000 a year from his law practice when he entered public life, but, like Senator Root, he could be assured an even greater return for his professional services if he should at any time in the future return to private practice.

Philander Chase Knox has been a lawyer ever since any one at Washington can remember of him being occupied in any pursuit.

Born in Brownsville, Pa., on the 6th day of May, in the memorable year of 1853, he immediately set about to become a lawyer. His first legal success came to pass at the age of five years, when for considerations he took up the peaceful pursuit of settling disputes in marble games among his comrades.

All along in his primary school and high school years there was not the least hesitation shown by him or his parents as to the manner of making a livelihood which he would adopt. It was settled early in life. It is recorded that often before he was 20 years of age he used to talk of "when I become a lawyer."

pecuniary ambition and federal offices do not go hand in hand. From 1877 until 1901, he was plain Attorney Knox, practicing under the firm name of Reed & Knox, his partner being James H. Reed, a well known Pennsylvania attorney.

Having accumulated his share of this world's goods in private practice, Mr. Knox was desirous of giving his country the benefit of his wide knowledge on law and his appointment as attorney general of the United States on April 9, 1901, was welcomed in Washington circles.

From that day his rise in official life was rapid, just as had been his rise in the legal world. Three years later Pennsylvania decided to send him to the senate, which it did, but not for long.

He served less than five years in that body and Mr. Taft, then prospective executive, saw possibilities in him for a secretary of state, to which office he was boosted, after a serial struggle of words in which both the house and senate participated at length. This in a whisper: There are persons in Washington who say Secretary of State Knox is destined to become President Knox.

He was Pennsylvania's candidate for the office at the Republican convention in Chicago a year ago, but it was then only a native son upheaval. His friends who are whispering "Knox for president in 1916"—they want to give Taft four years more—say that to-day the Pennsylvanian is the logical one of G. O. P. stamp for the candidacy.

Of course, there are dozens of such undeveloped booms around the national capital and Secretary Knox's is only one of many, so only time will tell.

THE SICK MAN OF EUROPE.

By Capt. Ellis D. Merson.

A frail, worn, pale-faced old man of 60, with a scared, hunted look in his glittering black eyes, and the sorrows of a century written upon his brow. Abdul Hamid, prince of the house of Osman, pitiful shadow of a once mighty power (so mighty that every other throne of Europe trembled before it in years gone by); child of the prophet though he be; "Commander of the Faithful, Sultan of Sultans, King of Kings, and Shadow of God upon the Earth;" is again in the limelight.

Although Constantinople ranks among the great capitals of the world, and is included in the itinerary of most oriental travelers, yet so little is actually known about this most mysterious sovereign and his strangely secluded court.

The approach to Constantinople from the sea is without question one of the loveliest scenes of earth; and words are powerless to paint the picture of that first enchanted vision of the city of Constantinople.

The crescent moon, symbol of the faith of Islam, was reflected in the gently-rippling surface of the Marmora, and a thousand silvery lights danced across the darkened waters. Day was dawning under the unutterable splendor of an oriental sky as we drew near to Constantinople—that ancient, lovely, dreadful city.

Viewed from the Bosphorus and half-hidden by the morning mists, Constantinople was a picture which beggared description. Like some enchanted city of the "Arabian Nights Tales," the domes, pinnacles, towers, embattled walls and sky-piercing minarets of the Turkish capital burst from the clouds and seemed to float, phantom-like, in space.

In this view of Constantinople my fondest anticipations were more than realized. There was something of more than earthly loveliness in the glittering panorama which gradually unfolded itself to my delighted vision beneath that glowing oriental sky and stretched away to the northward along both the European and Asiatic shores as far as the eye could reach. The blue waves danced in the sunlight as the curtain of mist was gradually lifted from the lovely city, and a thousand tiny, graceful calques darted here and there across the laughing waters. The splendid palaces of the early sultans, on Seraglio Point, the ancient Byzantine walls, the Citadel of the Seven Towers, the six beautiful minarets of the Mosque of Sultan Achmet, the Suleimanieh Mosque, with its ten domes, the white tower of the Seraskierat and, above all, glorious Santa Sophia, transformed by the Moslem conquerors into a Mohammedan temple of worship—these were glories of the ancient city of Constantinople, whose brilliancy I felt that even the closest association could never dim; but I soon discovered that there was another side to the lovely picture, by which much of its poetry and romance were destined to be dispelled.

PAINT EVERY YEAR.

No One Wants to Do It, But Some Paint Will Wear No Longer.

When you have a job of painting done you don't expect to have it done over again very soon. But to make a lasting job, several things must be taken into consideration—the proper time to paint—the condition of the surface—the kind of materials to use, etc. All these matters are fully covered in the specifications which can be had free by writing National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Building, New York, and asking for Houseowner's Painting Outfit No. 49. The outfit also includes a book of color schemes for both interior and exterior painting, and a simple instrument for detecting adulteration in the paint materials. The outfit will solve many painting problems for every houseowner.

Meantime while buying paint see that every white lead keg bears the famous Dutch Boy Painter trademark, which is an absolute guarantee of purity and quality. If your paint dealer cannot supply you National Lead Company will see that some one else will.

THE TWO SIDES OF HISTORY.

Some Pertinent Observations Made by Writer Evidently Not Fond of Subject.

History is a running account of how King Somebody-or-other either did or did not get to a certain place, which nobody ever heard of, before King Somebody-else got there, from which we are usually supposed to conclude that it would have made quite a difference whether he did not not.

Like nearly everything else, history has two sides. The history of the Garden of Eden depends upon whether it is related by a man or a woman. The history of the American revolution reads quite different in English books from the way it reads in our own books. The history of the civil war depends upon which side of the Mason and Dixon line you happen to be sitting when you write it.

History is a bore, not only because you are unacquainted with the people who figure in it, but because it repeats itself.—Life.

COMFORTING.



Doctor—Most—er—fortunate you consulted me. I'm just the very man to—er—cure—you.

Patient—Ah, that's lucky! You are quite familiar with my complaint, then?

Doctor—Familiar? My dear sir, I've had it myself—er—this 20 years!

Judge Will Wait and See.

An earnest plea was made by Attorney Charles Pettijohn to Judge Pritchard of the criminal court for leniency to a client who had entered a plea of guilty to larceny. The burden of the attorney's argument was that his client was the father of twins and was tempted to theft in order to feed the mouths of the infants.

"Your honor, I will say frankly," said Mr. Pettijohn in closing, "that if I were the father of twins and needed food for my family, I would not hesitate to go out and steal it."

"Mr. Pettijohn, when you are the father of twins I will consider your proposition," said Judge Pritchard.—Indianapolis News.

Playgrounds in Boston.

Boston women established the first playground in 1862. Last year there were eight, and nearly \$2,000 was expended, or about \$1 for each child, a very cheap price for the amount of good obtained. The Playground league is the name of the society of the playground boys themselves, who wear buttons and discipline all bad boys, thus making the government easy enough for those in charge. Not the least important result of the playgrounds in that city is said to be that involved in the self-government.

OLD SOAKERS

Get Saturated with Caffeine.

When a person has used coffee for a number of years and gradually declined in health, it is time the coffee should be left off in order to see whether or not that has been the cause of the trouble.

A lady in Huntsville, Ala., says she used coffee for about 40 years, and for the past 20 years was troubled with stomach trouble.

"I have been treated by many physicians but all in vain. Everything failed to perfect a cure. I was prostrated for some time, and came near dying. When I recovered sufficiently to partake of food and drink I tried coffee again and it soured my stomach."

"I finally concluded coffee was the cause of my troubles and stopped using it. I tried tea and milk in its place, but neither agreed with me, then I commenced using Postum. I had it properly made and it was very pleasing to the taste."

"I have now used it four months, and my health is so greatly improved that I can eat almost anything I want and can sleep well, whereas, before, I suffered for years with insomnia."

"I have found the cause of my troubles and a way to get rid of them. You can depend upon it I appreciate Postum."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.